

Dear Diary,

⁴
10.4.12

Today The past few days, has been
the most ^{wonderful} tragic day of my life because

I was on the 'unsinkable' luxurious liner
& ^{assault, imposing} called the Titanic. The best bit about it

it was that I was in 1st Class and my

bed wasn't like a rock hard bed, it was as

⁸ soft as a feather. The first thing I did

was change into my ^{light} swimming trunks

and go to the swimming pool and

have a swim in the salt water pool.

^{bring} After my swim, I went to the silent,
large library and read

large library and read a ^{very posh} comic and then went
^{luxurious, manly and a parse,} go back to my room/urpack and have
a long nap.

As I ^{was} ~~get~~ asleep, I was woken up by a large shaking sound, I heard people shout as loud as they could, "ICEBERG!" I

Saw my friend, whose name was Fred, so ~~a~~ ^{then} we ^{we} ~~and he~~ ran as fast as he could to get on a lifeboat but we were blocked by the British men who were lowering the ^{boats} lifeboats

but we pushed them out the way and got into a life boat and survived. At 2:10 the ship

eventually sank and we returned to ^{water} land.

Me and Fred ^{luckily} survived. "Y E A H".